

COMIC  
MEDIA

MAR. 8

SECRET AGENTS.. SPIES  
ESPIONAGE.. INTRIGUE

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**DANGER**

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DOUBLE-DEALING FOREIGN  
SPIES STEAL TOP SECRETS!

**KILL! KILL! KILL!** | **CRASH IN THE ALPS!**

**MURDER IN RUE PIGALLE**



DON  
HECK





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



## SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight\* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

**10-DAY  
SUPPLY \$1.  
ONLY**

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

## SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

## MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 156,  
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... STATE.....

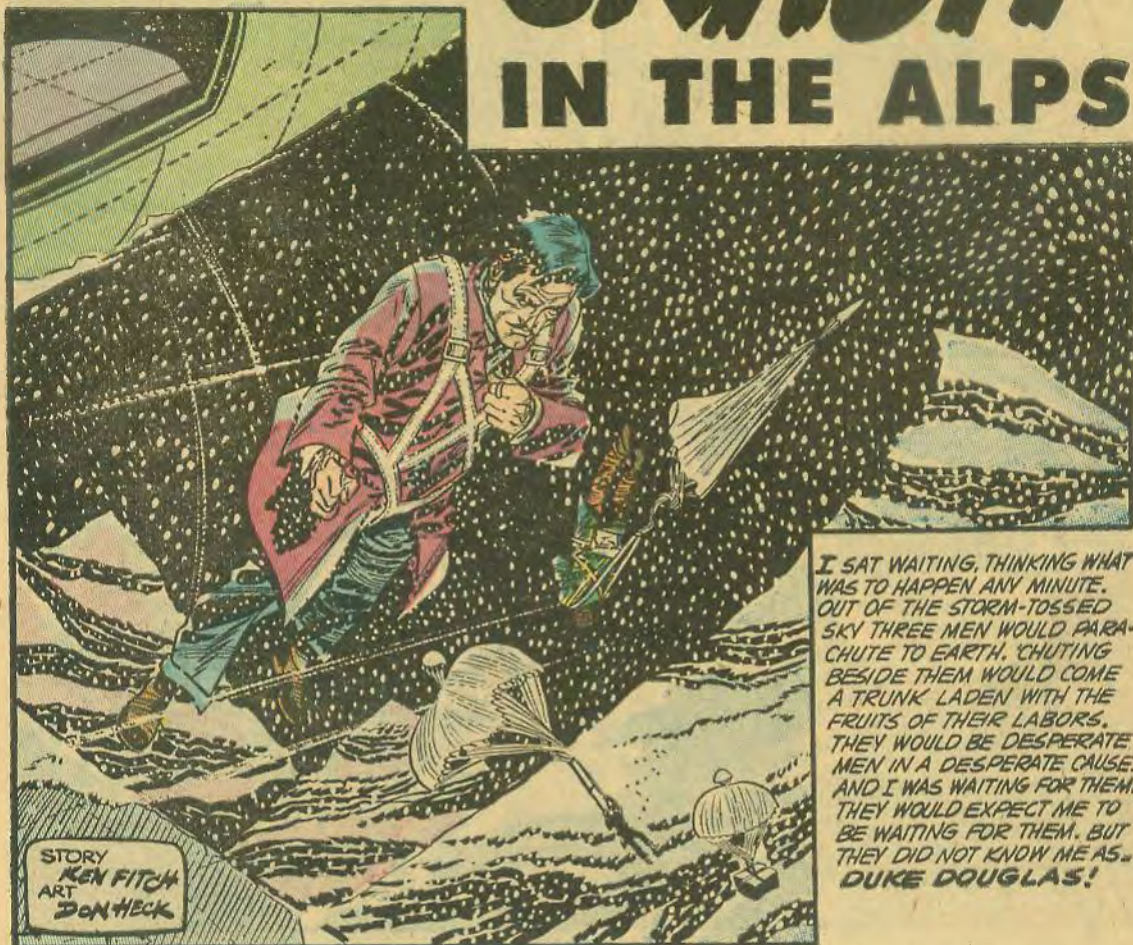
## SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

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IT WAS AS VICIOUS A PLOT  
AS I HAD EVER RUN ACROSS,  
BUT I HAD IT ALL BUTTONED  
UP. THEN THE CRACKLING  
VOICE OF A RADIO ANNOUNCER  
TOLD OF A PLANE...

# CRASH IN THE ALPS



I SAT WAITING, THINKING WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN ANY MINUTE. OUT OF THE STORM-TOSSED SKY THREE MEN WOULD PARACHUTE TO EARTH. CHUTING BESIDE THEM WOULD COME A TRUNK LADEN WITH THE FRUITS OF THEIR LABORS. THEY WOULD BE DESPERATE MEN IN A DESPERATE CAUSE. AND I WAS WAITING FOR THEM. THEY WOULD EXPECT ME TO BE WAITING FOR THEM. BUT THEY DID NOT KNOW ME AS... **DUKE DOUGLAS!**

STORY  
KEN FITCH  
ART  
DON HECK

I SAT LISTENING ALONE IN A CABIN ON A PLATEAU IN NORTHERN ITALY WHERE THE ALPS BEGIN. WAITING FOR THE WORK OF MONTHS TO UNRAVEL...



BUT THE UNRAVELING WAS EVEN THEN TAKING A TURN FAR DIFFERENT FROM THE WAY I HAD PLANNED IT...



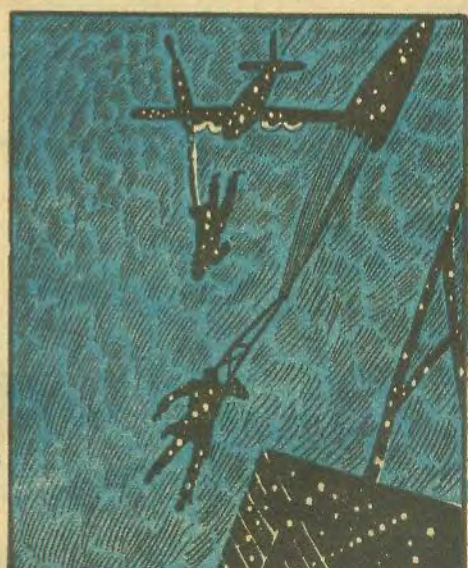
AND IN THE PILOT'S COMPARTMENT...







AND THEN THEY CLEARED THE SHIP... BUT FAR FROM THE PLACE WE HAD ARRANGED





AND THE UNGUIDED TRANSPORT, WITH ITS  
HUMAN CARGO, SPED EVER DOWNWARD...



THE SCENE INSIDE THE PILOT'S COMPARTMENT  
CAN ONLY BE ASSUMED BY THE POSITIONS OF  
THE BODIES, FOUND LATER IN THE WRECK...



PILOT!  
PILOT! HURRY,  
WAKE UP!

WATER,  
BRING  
WATER!

TOO LATE...  
IT'S TOO  
LATE!

THE KILLERS MADE MISCALCULATION.  
THE GREAT SHIP MISSED THE MOUNTAIN...



AND INSTEAD OF BECOMING A HUGE FUNERAL  
PYRE, BECAME A GIANT COFFIN IN A WATERY  
GRAVE...



PEOPLE FROM A SMALL VILLAGE NEAR THE LAKE  
HEARD THE CRASH AND CAME TO WITNESS THE  
TRAGEDY...



WE MUST TAKE  
WORD TO THE HOLY  
FATHER. HE HAS  
THE WIRELESS.  
HE WILL KNOW  
WHAT TO DO!



AND THAT IS HOW I FIRST LEARNED OF WARPING OF MY CAREFULLY LAID PLANS... BY THE SHORT WAVE MESSAGE FROM THE PRIEST IN THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN CHAPEL...

AND ALL ABOARD THE CRAFT CERTAINLY HAVE PERISHED...



I SENSED SOMETHING VERY WRONG IMMEDIATELY. THE TRANSPORT HAD CRASHED ONE HUNDRED MILES OFF ITS COURSE... AND THE SAME PILOT HAD MADE THE VERY SAME TRIP A THOUSAND TIMES!...

THERE'S ONE CHANCE AND I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!



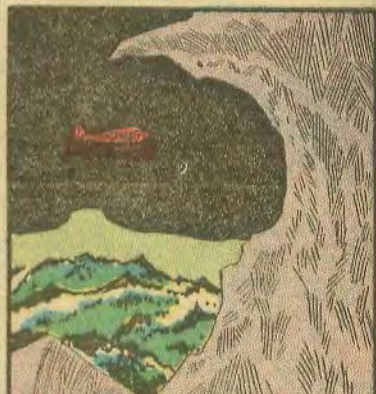
I CHECKED THE POWERFUL LITTLE CABIN CRAFT CAREFULLY. THEN WARMED UP THE MOTORS...



THEN I CUT OUT THE ENGINE, REMOVED THE WHEEL BLOCKS, CLIMBED ABOARD AND OPENED UP ONCE MORE. I JOCKEYED INTO THE WIND AND GUNNED MY MOTORS... THE LITTLE SHIP ROARED A CHALLENGE AND CLEARED THE TREES...



SUDDENLY THE WEATHER CLEARED. IT WOULD HELP AS IT WAS ALREADY DUSK. I KEPT CONTACT WITH THE BASE AT TURIN. I SET THE AUTOMATIC PILOT AND STUDIED THE MAP AND MADE CONSTANT CALCULATIONS...



I BEGAN A WIDE CIRCULAR COURSE, SEARCHING THE LANDSCAPE CLOSELY...

THERE! DOWN THERE! THAT COULD BE IT!



I DECIDED TO SET THE PLANE DOWN. AS I CAME INTO THE CLEARING, I THOUGHT



THE NEXT FEW MINUTES CAN HOLD SUCCESS... OR DEATH!



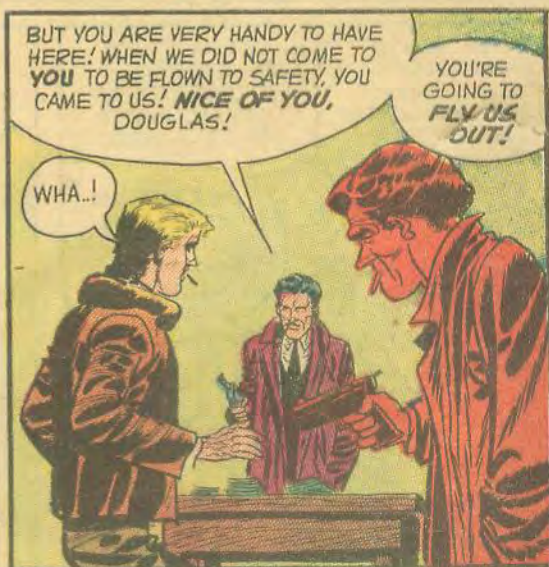




THEIR GUNS STAYED LEVELED AT ME. THEN...



YEAH, WE CHANGED 'EM, ALL RIGHT... **DOUGLAS!!** WE'VE KNOWN YOUR IDENTITY FOR A LONG TIME. YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, DOUGLAS!





WE WERE QUITE CLEVER, DOUGLAS. BEFORE YOUR AMERICAN AMBASSADOR FLEW FROM PARIS, ONE OF YOUR MEN IN THE EMBASSY... OH, WE HAVE THEM THERE, TOO... CHANGED THE CONTENTS OF THE AMBASSADOR'S POUCH!

DO YOU KNOW YOUR AMBASSADOR CARRIED OUR PLATES? QUITE SAFELY IN HIS OWN POUCH!

VERY FUNNY.

YOU SEE, ONLY **ONE** OF US CLAIMED OWNERSHIP OF THE TRUNK. HAD ITS CONTENTS BEEN DISCOVERED IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOSS... YES. BUT THE **PLATES!** THEY WERE SAFE IN THE **AMBASSADOR'S POUCH!** AND BELIEVE ME, DOUGLAS, **I KEPT TRACK OF THE AMBASSADOR!**

ALL RIGHT, RULOFF. TELL ME WHERE TO.

WE WILL FLY OVER THE BRENNER PASS, DOUGLAS, STRAIGHT TO SOVIET AUSTRIA. YOU WILL GET US CLEARANCE OVER THE PASS, OR YOU WILL DIE! I CAN FLY THIS PLANE, YOU KNOW.

I CAN'T ARGUE WITH A MACHINE GUN, RULOFF!

DUKE DOUGLAS CALLING TURIN BASE... ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE... FIVE-FOUR-THREE-TWO-ONE... OVER...

A WISE GUY! DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF, DOUGLAS! I SAID WE FLY OVER THE BRENNER PASS! WHY DO YOU CALL TURIN?!

YOU FORGET, RULOFF, I MUST PUT THE TURIN POLICE OFF OUR TRAIL!

I LEAVE YOU NOW... REMEMBER... YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU DO,

COMMANDER RULOFF! YOUR PRESENCE, COMMANDER.

WE HAVE TO KNOW COMRADE, HOW TO DISGUISE THIS "ER," LUGGAGE, AND HOW TO PROCEED WHEN WE REACH OUR DESTINATION!

IN AUSTRIA WE ARE AMONG OUR FRIENDS AND COMRADES, THE MONEY AND PLATES ARE QUITE SAFE!

JUST BEFORE LANDING I WILL TAKE OVER THIS SHIP. AS FOR DOUGLAS...

ONLY ONE THING IS WRONG, COMRADE RAT. THE PLANE CANNOT LAND WITHOUT ME! YOU SEE IT'S COMPLETELY GUIDED BY RADAR AT TURIN. IT IS, IN FACT, A **GUIDED MISSILE NOW!**

YOU LIE!  
YOU LIE!



UNLESS YOU PREFER TO CRASH, RULOFF, YOU'RE GOING TO LAND AT TURIN AND LIKE IT!

CAPITALIST PIG! YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS! FOR IT WILL BE YOU WHO WILL SAVE OUR LIVES!



IT WAS DARK WHEN WE REACHED THE FIELD AT TURIN. EXCEPT FOR THE LIGHTED RUNWAY. BUT WE LANDED AS LIGHTLY AS A FEATHER!!!



TELL THEM IF THEY MOVE TOWARD US YOU DIE! YOU WILL BE OUR TICKET TO SAFETY COMRADE DOUGLAS! OUR HOSTAGE!

OKAY. THEY'LL BLAST IF YOU MOVE IN! HOLD YOUR FIRE!



I KNEW THE ARRANGEMENTS. WE HAD PRACTICED THEM BEFORE WE WENT TO WORK ON THE CASE. I TURNED, DUCKING, GRABBING RULOFF'S GUN. THE TURIN POLICE CUT MY CAPTORS DOWN LIKE GRAIN BEFORE A SCYTHE!!!



NICE WORK!

THE POLICE CHIEF GREETED ME IN ITALIAN!!!

WHY DID THESE KILLERS NOT STEAL THE PLANE? RULOFF CAN FLY!

HE THOUGHT THIS WAS A GUIDED MISSILE-TYPE PLANE. BUT I MERELY CAME IN BY AUTOMATIC CONTROLS ON YOUR BEAM!!! THE TRUTH IS I REALLY BLUFFED THEM, AND THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO CALL ME!



LATER  
AT  
SECRET  
SERVICE  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS,  
WASH-  
INGTON,  
D.C.  
!!!!

IT WAS NO MERE COUNTERFEITING RING, CHIEF. THE REDS PLANNED TO DUMP **BILLIONS** OF THAT PHONEY STUFF ALL OVER EUROPE!

I'VE JUST COME FROM THE LABORATORIES. THIS MONEY IS SO PERFECT, IT MIGHT HAVE BANKRUPTED EUROPE BEFORE WE CAUGHT ON. IT COULD HAVE BROUGHT ON A WORLD DEPRESSION! NICE GOING, DUKE! DARN NICE GOING!



THE END.





# MEN! WOMEN! take orders for famous NYLONS GUARANTEED 9 mos.

ONLY YOUR  
SPARE  
TIME  
NEEDED

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE  
CANVASSING REQUIRED

Our unusual plan is a sure-fire money maker! Sensational Guarantee is creating a tremendous demand for Wil-knit Nylons! Mrs. Nellie Gail of Iowa started out with me and made \$48.89 the very first week in just her spare hours. Mrs. Agnes McCall, of South Carolina, did even better. Her spare time in her very first week brought her earnings of \$95.56. Mrs. Walter Simmons of New York turned her spare time into earnings of \$92.82 her first week out. THESE EXCEPTIONAL EARNINGS FOR JUST SPARE TIME and in the very first week give you an idea of the possibilities!

## GUARANTEED AGAINST Runs, Wear and Even Snags!

Why is it so easy for Wil-knit Salespeople to get orders? I'll tell you — It's because we stand back of Wil-knit Nylons with the most amazing guarantee you have ever heard of. Your customers can wear out their hose. They can develop runs. They can even snag them. No matter what happens to make Wil-knit Nylons unwearable... within 9 months, depending on quantity... we replace them free of charge under terms of our guarantee. No wonder women are anxious to buy Wil-knit! And no wonder it is easy to quickly build up a fine and STEADY year around income. Earnings start immediately. Look at these exceptional figures—Lillian A. Bronson of Georgia made \$80.60 first week spare time. Ethel Cameron of Michigan, \$64.14. Sabine Fisher, New York, reports earnings of \$70.10 under our unusual plan just for spare time in her first week. Mrs. Edward Leo of Minn., in writing to thank us for the new Plymouth she received, also reports: "I actually earned \$12.00 in twenty minutes by the clock. I actually couldn't believe I earned that much until I re-checked my figures."

## SEND NO MONEY! JUST NAME AND HOSE SIZE...

**SIMPLY MAIL COUPON.** When you send for Selling Outfit, I also send your choice of Nylons or Socks for your personal use. Just rush your name for the facts about the most sensational line of hosiery for men, women and children ever offered. Your friends and neighbors will admire you and this unusual selection of most beautiful hosiery! Just mail coupon or postal card now, and learn at once how you, too, can earn big money in FULL or SPARE TIME and qualify for an EXTRA BONUS and a New Car over and above your cash earnings.

L. Lowell Wilkin

WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc., A-6942 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

## Look At These Exceptional FIRST WEEK SPARE TIME EARNINGS

Space permits mentioning only these few exceptional cases, but they give you an idea of the BIG MONEY that is possible in just spare time starting the very first week.

Mr. Richard Peters, Penna. \$63.94 first week spare time	Mrs. W. B. Foss, S. Dak. \$60.47 first week spare time
Mrs. Virgil Hickman, Tenn. \$74.97 first week spare time	Mr. A. E. Lewison, Ga. \$52.26 first week spare time
Mr. Henry O'Rourke, Vermont \$58.89 first week spare time	Mrs. Emery Shoots, Wyo. \$48.89 first week spare time
Mrs. J. A. Sievers, Fla. \$85.14 first week spare time	Mr. J. Hillman Jr., Ohio \$49.72 first week spare time
Mr. Anthony Avrilla, Wash. \$135.00 first week spare time	Mrs. John Gorman, Conn. \$71.54 first week spare time
Mrs. Agnes Michaels, Ind. \$54.18 first week spare time	Mr. W. Riley, Ill. \$72.72 first week spare time
Mr. Russell P. Hart, New York \$53.30 first week spare time	Miss Frances Freeman, Texas \$62.73 first week spare time



## A CAR IN 4 MONTHS—AND UP TO \$20 IN A HALF DAY

"I cannot express my thrill upon receiving this beautiful new Chevrolet. I was a bit doubtful at first but now it is a reality and I thank you for making it so. I have earned this car in just four short months and I'm sure others can do the same. Thank you for making it possible for me to earn more money than ever before. I have earned as much as twenty dollars for one half day and my bonus alone for one month was \$125.00." —Mrs. E. A. Conway.

## NEW CAR GIVEN—OR IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A CAR YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE ON OUR "TRADE-IN" PLAN

WIL-KNIT actually gives new Fords, Plymouths or Chevrolets to producers as a bonus in addition to your regular earnings. It is yours. Or if you now have a car, you can get a new one even quicker under our "trade-in" plan without paying a penny. Get the facts TODAY.

L. Lowell Wilkin, WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc. Be Sure to Send Hose Size

Please rush all facts about your guaranteed hosiery money-making plan and NEW CAR offer. Everything you send me now is FREE.

MY HOSE SIZE IS.....MY AGE IS.....YEARS

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....





# Borrow Money **BY MAIL!**

**ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE**

**ANY AMOUNT**

**\$50<sup>00</sup> to \$600<sup>00</sup>**



**PAY DOCTOR BILLS**

**Quick — Easy — Private — Confidential**

**No Matter Where You Live in the U. S. — You Can Borrow from State Finance  
No Endorsers or Co-Signers Needed — Complete Privacy Assured!**



**PAY INSURANCE**

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need **BY MAIL** from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U. S., you can borrow any amount from \$50.00 to \$600.00 *entirely by mail in complete privacy* without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will **NOT** know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments. If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay **ONLY** for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your **FREE** Loan Application and Loan Papers. State amount you want to borrow. *Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope!* So mail the coupon below today!



**PAY OLD DEBTS**

**Thousands of Men and Women Like Yourself Use Our  
Confidential By-Mail Loan Service**

**Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments**

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.



**HOME REPAIRS**

**Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action**

## CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

## IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

## FREE LOAN PAPERS

**NO OBLIGATION.**

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

**Old Reliable Company —  
MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE**

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



**STATE FINANCE  
COMPANY**

Dept. K-195, 323 Securities Bldg.  
Omaha 2, Nebraska

**STATE FINANCE COMPANY MAIL COUPON TODAY!**  
Dept. K-195, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with **FREE** Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....Age.....

Amount you want to borrow \$.....



# DULL JOB!



I was lying in bed, waiting for midnight, and I decided I didn't like my job. I had thought it would be exciting, this undercover civilian work for Military Intelligence, cloak and dagger stuff, but it had turned out to be just routine. I was never in one place long enough, and all I did was pick up things from one unknown messenger and deliver them to another. I decided to quit. I could make more money if I went back to Dad's meat packing business in Chicago.

At midnight, I was supposed to get out of my bed in this Paris fleabag, go to the bathroom at the end of the hall, and pick up a roll of microfilm in an empty, rolled up little toothpaste tube left on the floor by some other guy five minutes earlier. I'd never see him, or he me, and I'd never know what was on the film. I'd just deliver it to someone else next day. I looked at my watch. It was 11:45.

Then the door of my room opened and closed. I got a glimpse of a man's hat in the light from the window where I'd left the shade up, and a voice said in a cold, clear whisper, "Don't move. I have a gun pointing at you!"

I had a gun too, but it was in my jacket in the closet, so I lay still. There was a lot of rustling and zipping, and I realized the guy was taking his clothes off. And suddenly the covers were tossed back, the muzzle of a gun shoved me across the bed, and there were two of us under the covers. The same cold whisper said, "In a few moments, several thieves and traitors to the cause of freedom will enter this room. You will pretend you have a woman in bed with you, and send them away."

I didn't argue. The gun felt like a cannon in my ribs. And sure enough, in a minute my door opened, and a large-beamed flashlight played across the bed. I could see a heavy set man in the doorway, and two vague faces behind him.

"Pardon, Monsieur," he said. "We are looking for a short, thin man. Did he—?"

I stuck my head up and glared. "What kind of Frenchman are you, anyway? Have you no feeling for l'amour?"

He played his torch across the bed, and

around the room. I followed it with my eyes. There was a shapeless lump under the covers next to me. And on the chair next to the bed hung a man's clothes—and a woman's dress and stockings! A small suitcase sat on the floor. This was a real thoughtful thief!

The man in the doorway grinned. "Sorry, Monsieur!" He backed out and closed the door.

Immediately the gun jabbed my back, bare feet hit the floor on the other side of the bed, and a soft voice said, "Now get out of bed."

My head snapped around, and then my eyes nearly fell out. She was dressed in a low-cut, clinging slip, and she was gorgeous. Her red hair hung thick to her shoulders.

She crossed to the window and pulled down the shade, keeping the gun on me as I stared. I thought of telling her not to, but then I thought better of it.

"Your pardon, Monsieur, but it was necessary," she said, keeping me covered as she crossed to the chair to reach for her clothes. "Now, we will sit here quietly while I think of a way to get out of this building alive."

Suddenly I remembered my job. "Maybe you'll sit here," I said, "but not me. I don't care what you've done, and I won't turn you in." I glanced at my watch. "But in five minutes, I'm going to the bathroom, gun or no gun."

She stared, and a small smile moved her mouth. "And in the bathroom, you are to pick up something wrapped in—?"

I grinned. "In a toothpaste tube. Well, I'll be darned! Where've you got it?" My eyes fell to the low cut slip.

Her lovely face broke into laughter. "Why do all men think of the same thing?" she said, reaching up to remove a small object from beneath her thick hair.

She handed it to me, dropped the gun in her bag, and reached for her clothes again. "We still have to get out of here alive," she said.

I kept grinning. "You took care of that yourself," I said. "I expected trouble on this assignment, so I arranged with the Paris police to bust in and arrest everybody in sight as soon as I had the package. The signal was that shade you pulled down."

And right then, as if on cue, whistles blew in the street below and voices began shouting downstairs. She picked up her dress, smiling, and raised it to slip it over her head, and I think my eyes actually crossed a little. "You are a very resourceful man," she said.

I took the plunge. "And a lonely one," I said. "Must—must you get dressed?"

The dress covered her face for a moment, but when it reappeared she was still smiling, and straight into my eyes. "For now, at least," she said. "The cafes are still open. And a few glasses of wine always help to make friends out of strangers."

I guess it's not such a dull job after all. There are damned few meat packing plants where you'll hear a remark like that.



I'M PAUL PAXTON, ARMY INTELLIGENCE, ATTACHED TO SHAPE IN PARIS. THIS LITTLE TALE OF BLOOD AND DEATH ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS ASSIGNED TO CHECK UP ON A LOT OF REPORTS THAT THE GIRLS IN RUE PIGALLE WERE GOING IN FOR PCKPOCKETING...AND THE POCKETS THEY PICKED BELONGED TO ALLIED SOLDIERS. BUT BEFORE IT WAS OVER, I'D RUN INTO SOMETHING A LOT HOTTER THAN THAT...INCLUDING...

# MURDER IN THE RUE PIGALLE

IT'S QUITE A PLACE, PIGALLE. THEY'LL SELL YOU A DRINK OR A DREAM... AND OVER-CHARGE YOU FOR EITHER ONE! I CHANGED INTO CIVILIAN CLOTHES, AND STARTED OUT TO CHECK ON THE 'LADIES OF THE NIGHT.' AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG...



"BECAUSE AS I STEPPED INTO THE VERY FIRST BAR, I SPOTTED A GAL... AND WHAT A GAL!... LIFTING A SOLDIER'S WALLET!"

UH HUH! TARGET FOR TONIGHT. BUT WAIT A MINUTE. I'LL BET SHE..."







SO I STARTED FOR THE NEAREST M.R. POST WITH MY PRISONERS... BUT I NEVER GOT THERE! WE WERE PASSING THROUGH THE MOUTH OF AN ALLEY, WHEN...



I WAS CAUGHT FLATFOOTED! THE TWO GUYS CAME OUT OF THAT ALLEY FAST! "REAL FAST..."



...BUT NOT TOO FAST FOR ME TO HEAR PIERRE'S GROAN, OR SEE THE FLASH OF THE KNIFE! THEN THE BLACKJACK CAUGHT ME, AND THE FOURTH OF JULY EXPLODED IN MY HEAD!





WHEN I CAME TO, THERE WAS ONLY PIERRE IN THE ALLEY WITH ME. I GUESS THEY LEFT US BOTH FOR DEAD... AND THEY WERE RIGHT ABOUT ONE OF US. BUT ONE OF MARIE'S SHOES WAS LYING IN THE ALLEY, AND ANOTHER FURTHER DOWN, AND THERE WAS JUST ONE DOOR AT THE END...



CAUGHT AGAIN! THE SURPRISES WERE ALL ON THEIR SIDE. BUT I MANAGED TO GET A HOLD ON HIS HAIR...



"SO IN I WENT. WHOEVER THE GUYS WERE WHO'D JUMPED ME WERENT THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD PULL A FEW SURPRISES. THERE WERE VOICES FROM THE CELLAR..."



...AND THEN WE HIT BOTTOM...

WHA...? JOSEPH, HOW DID THIS MAN...



BUT WHAT I SAW DOWN THERE DIDN'T FIT THE PICTURE SOMEHOW. JUST AS I WAS CATCHING A FEW WORDS, SOMETHING SCRAPPED RIGHT BEHIND ME, AND...

HOW DID YOU KNOW? TELL ME! NOD YOUR HEAD OR I'LL BURN MY INITIALS INTO YOUR...



AND GUESS WHO, OF ALL PEOPLE! OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I CAUGHT MARIE STRUGGLING FURIOUSLY...

UMPHH! MMM...

THE SERGEANT! ARE YOU NUTS? WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THIS FOR A COUPLE OF G.I.'S?



BUT IT WASN'T TILL I SAW THE TERROR IN MARIE'S EYES AS SHE STARED PAST ME THAT I MOVED! LIKE THE GOOD LITTLE COMMANDO I USED TO BE, I DUCKED BEFORE I EVEN STARTED TO TURN...



AND IT'S A GOOD THING I DID! PAL JOEY HAD COME UP WITH A BURP GUN!



BUT AS I WAS LETTING MY PLAYMATE HAVE IT, A PIECE OF HOT LEAD GAVE ME A NEAT THOUGH PARTIAL SHAVE, AND...



I CAUGHT THE SERGEANT WITH ONE OF THE SWEETEST PUNCHES I EVER THREW, RIGHT ON THE BUTT, AND KNOCKED HIM SQUARE INTO THE WINE BARREL...





BUT HE DIDN'T STAY LONG! HE CAME RIGHT OUT AGAIN ON A WAVE OF WINE!



BUT BY THAT TIME I WAS READY TO GET IT OVER WITH... THE FUMES OF THE WINE WERE MAKING ME DIZZY, SO I TRIED A LITTLE DUNKING...



DA DA? AND THEN I BEGAN TO GET IT! SURE, THE BURP GUN, THE MKVD METHODS WITH THE GIRL...



MORE OF THEM! I SPUN AROUND TO GO FOR THEM, BUT...







MISS BLANCHARD! HOW DID YOU GET INTO...?

THIS GENTLEMAN, WHOM I PRESUME IS AN INTELLIGENCE MAN, GOT ME INTO IT... AND NEARLY GOT ME KILLED.

SURE, I'M FROM INTELLIGENCE. CAPTAIN PAXTON. HERE'S MY IDENTIFICATION, BUT...



BUT WE CAPTURED TWO OF THE BEST OF THE RED SPIES, WITH THEIR PAPERS AND THEIR HEADQUARTERS, HERE, SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE HIM!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST ONE OF THE...!



I KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT... BUT I WAS JUST DISGUISED AS ONE OF THEM, WITH ORDERS TO STEAL PAPERS FROM THAT SPY. CATCHING BOTH OF THEM AND ALL THEIR PAPERS IS EVEN BETTER!

MISS BLANCHARD IS FRENCH, CAPTAIN... ATTACHED TO ONE OF OUR CIVILIAN SECURITY ORGANIZATIONS. ALRIGHT, CORPORAL, BRING THAT MAN ALONG.

WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BORE YOU WITH ANYMORE DETAILS.



YOU KNOW, CAPTAIN PAXTON, WE USED SOME NICE TEAMWORK. WE WORK WELL TOGETHER, AND... OUCH! THERE'S SOMETHING SHARP ON THE FLOOR!

WE DO WORK WELL TOGETHER, MISS BLANCHARD

"BUT BELIEVE ME, THE REST OF THE NIGHT..."



...AND IF I HAD MY WAY, WE'D START WORKING ON SOMETHING ELSE TOGETHER RIGHT NOW... LIKE A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, TO BEGIN WITH! THERE ARE LOTS MORE PLEASANT KINDS OF TEAMWORK THAN CATCHING SPIES, MISS BLANCHARD!

WAS REALLY MURDER IN THE RUE PIGALLE... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!



FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, YOU'RE A VERY STRONG-WILLED MAN, CAPTAIN PAXTON... SO IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME A BIT IF YOU DID HAVE YOUR WAY!

THE END.



I GOT INTO EAST BERLIN BY USING FORGED PAPERS. BUT THAT WAS THE SIMPLEST STEP IN THE PERILOUS JOURNEY THAT WAS TO LEAD TO THE KREMLIN ITSELF. I AM NOT A MURDERER, EITHER BY PROFESSION OR DESIRE, AND YET THE PREDICAMENT IN WHICH I FOUND MYSELF LEFT NO ALTERNATIVE, BUT TO..

# KILL! KILL! KILL!



RUN FOR IT, GRETA.  
IT MEANS DEATH  
IF WE'RE CAUGHT!

DUKE, I'M AFRAID!  
NO ONE'S EVER  
ESCAPED FROM  
THE KREMLIN!



## A DUKE DOUGLAS SPY STORY!

THERE MUST BE NO  
MISTAKE... NOT A SOUND!



AND IT WAS A PERFECT  
JOB... A SWIFT,  
HARD BLOW. DEATH  
ALMOST IN SILENCE.



I DRAGGED THE BODY INTO THE  
SHRUBBERY. THEN I CHANGED TO  
HIS CLOTHES, AND PUT MINE ON HIM.





THE VERY SECRECY OF THE MAN'S MISSION HAD MADE HIS MURDER COMPARATIVELY EASY. AND A CAB, SUPPLIED BY THE FREEDOM UNDERGROUND, ARRIVED AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME...

THE APPOINTED PLACE, DRIVER!



WHAT THE UNDERGROUND DID WITH THE MAN'S BODY, I DO NOT KNOW. BUT NOW I WAS ON THE TRANSPORT IN HIS PLACE. IN FACT, NOW I WAS THAT MAN... WILHELM VON ECKLER, CHIEF LIAISON OFFICER BETWEEN EAST BERLIN AND THE KREMLIN. AND I HAD THE PAPERS TO PROVE IT!...



MY JOB WAS NOT SO SIMPLE AS MERELY ASSUMING VON ECKLER'S IDENTITY UNTIL I COMPLETED MY MISSION. THAT WAS BUT THE SECOND OF MANY IDENTITIES I WOULD BECOME IN A SHORT... **MURDEROUSLY SHORT**... SPACE OF TIME. IT WAS DARK WHEN WE LANDED IN MOSCOW... IT HAD BEEN PLANNED THAT WAY BY THE UNDERGROUND! AN MVD MAN INSPECTED MY PAPERS...

WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU COMRADE VON ECKLER. I WILL ACCOMPANY YOU TO HEADQUARTERS. BUT FIRST... COME...

VERY WELL!



THE MVD MAN WALKED SLIGHTLY BEHIND ME, DIRECTING MY PATH DOWN A DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR, UNTIL WE CAME TO A DOOR. "IN THERE, COMRADE," HE SAID. HIS VOICE WAS EXPRESSIONLESS...

TAKE THE CHAIR THERE. I WILL CLEAR YOUR PAPERS.



I WILL FIRST PUT ON THE LIGHT!



RED TAPE WAS LITERALLY THE DEATH OF THE MVD MAN, FOR I WENT SUDDENLY INTO ACTION!...





AND I BROKE THE GUY'S NECK...

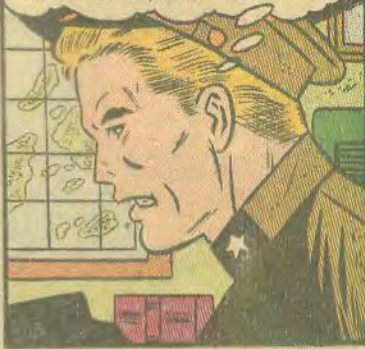


I CHANGED CLOTHES WITH THE MVD AT ONCE, AND WITH HIM STUFFED THE IDENTITY OF WILHELM VON ECKLER INTO AN EMPTY COAT CLOSET...



I LEARNED BY INSPECTION OF THE MAN'S PAPERS, THAT MY NEW NAME WOULD BE IVAN MOTNOVICH, ATTACHED TO THE KREMLIN'S MVD GUARD, THAT MY DUTY WOULD BE TO DELIVER VAN ECKLER TO THE COMMISSARS OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS...

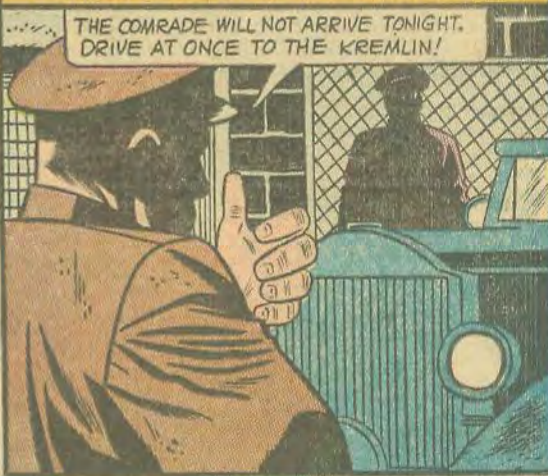
NOW IF HE HAS DOWN THE CAR LICENSE NUMBER... AH, YES. HERE IT IS!



I RETRACED MY STEPS DOWN THE DIM CORRIDOR. I WAS NOT OBSERVED. I KNEW I MUST WORK FAST, BEFORE THINGS BEGAN TO EXPLODE.

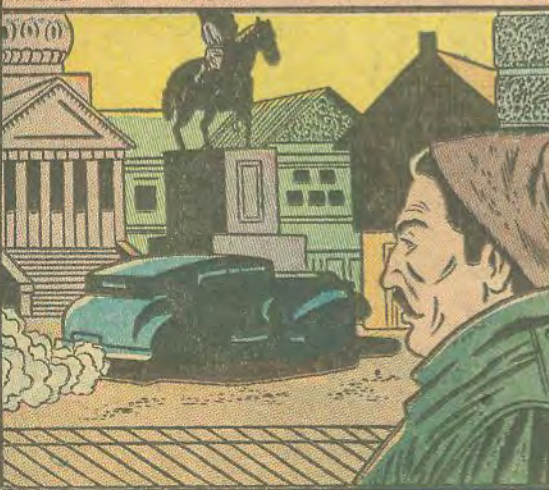


I FOUND THE OFFICIAL CAR THAT HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO MOTNOVICH. I KEPT MY FACE CONCEALED, AS I SPOKE IN RUSSIAN TO THE DRIVER...



THE COMRADE WILL NOT ARRIVE TONIGHT. DRIVE AT ONCE TO THE KREMLIN!

THE CAR SPED OFF THROUGH THE NIGHT, STRAIGHT TO THE Gaping COLD STONE JAWS OF THE KREMLIN, WHERE MIGHT AND CUNNING PROVE THE RIGHT TO LIVE.



I ENTERED THE RECEPTION GALLERY AND FOUND THE DESK I HAD MEMORIZED DURING MY LONG PREPARATION FOR THIS TRIP. I ASKED TO BE TAKEN TO THE OFFICE OF JOSEF SOBOLOFF...

BUT, COMRADE OFFICER MOTNOVICH, LAWYER SOBOLOFF IS DEFENDING GRETA BORG FOR VILE TREASON! HER TRIAL...

WHAT?





I ALMOST GAVE MYSELF AWAY ON THAT ONE, FOR I WONDERED IF ALL MY TRIP AND ALL MY KILLING HAD BEEN FOR NOTHING. BUT I BLUFFED IT THROUGH...

THEN HAVE THE GUARD TAKE ME TO THE TRIAL AT ONCE! I MUST SEE COMRADE SOBOLOFF!

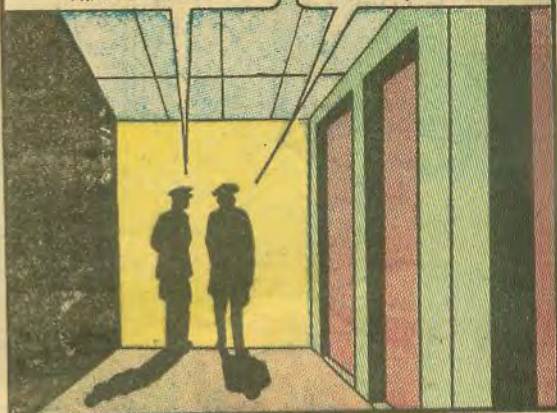
AT ONCE, COMRADE OFFICER!



THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT THE FEAR WITH WHICH THE MVD WAS REGARDED. IF MY LUCK WOULD ONLY HOLD OUT! I DISMISSED MY GUIDE AND APPROACHED THE GUARD AT THE COURTROOM DOOR...

LAWYER SOBOLOFF... GET HIM AT ONCE!

BUT... COMRADE OFFICER... ER... YES, AT ONCE!

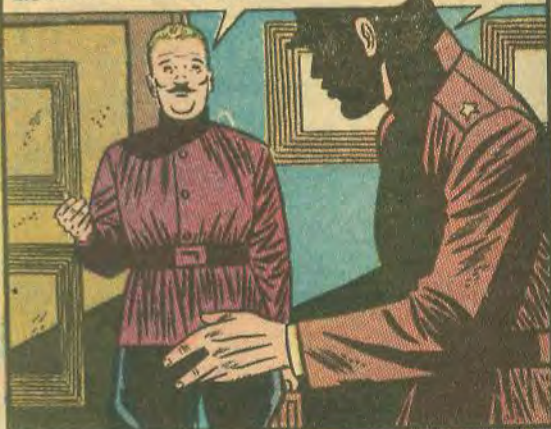


THE GUARD WAS FEARFUL OF ENTERING THE COURTROOM DURING THE TRIAL. BUT HE WAS EVEN MORE FEARFUL OF DISOBEYING MY COMMAND. AS HE ENTERED... I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE COURTROOM ITSELF... IT LOOKED AS I HAD BEEN TOLD IT WOULD. I WAS COMING SOON TO THE MOST DELICATE PART OF THE WHOLE TASK...



YOU WISH TO SEE ME, COMRADE? THE TRIAL IS IN PROGRESS, YOU KNOW! WORKING THROUGH THE NIGHT! BUT IF THE COMRADE OFFICER WANTS ME, I AM GRATIFIED TO SERVE HIM!

COME WITH ME, COMRADE SOBOLOFF! IT IS IMPORTANT!

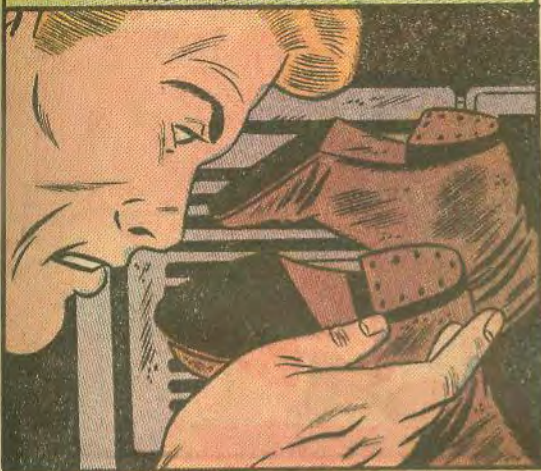


THIS WILL TAKE BUT A MOMENT, COMRADE!





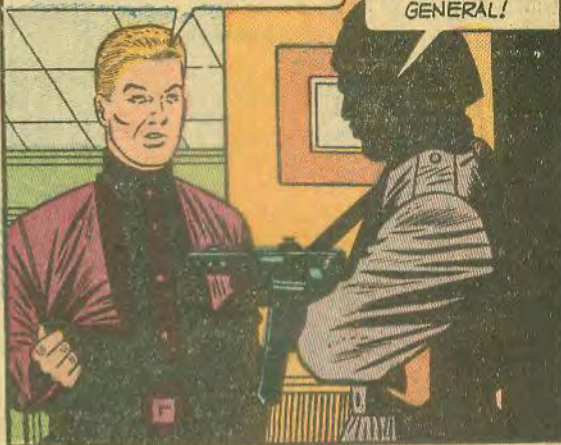
IT WAS A JOB TO CHANGE CLOTHES WITH SOBOLOFF IN THE SMALL ROOM OFF THE CORRIDOR, AND A MORE DIFFICULT ONE TO FORCE HIS DEAD BODY DOWN THE INCINERATOR CHUTE.



I CARRIED THE MVD UNIFORM IN SOBOLOFF'S BRIEF CASE. MORE CORRIDORS... A FLIGHT OF STAIRS, AND

I AM JOSEF SOBOLOFF. I MUST SEE THE GRACIOUS GENERAL AT ONCE! IT IS IMPORTANT.

YOU WILL GO BACK WHENCE YOU CAME. NO ONE SEES THE GENERAL!



I HAD CARRIED THE KNIFE UP MY SLEEVE. MY MOVEMENT WAS SWIFT, STRIKING THE THROAT IN AN UPWARD THRUST, UNTIL THE LONG POINT REACHED THE BRAIN...



THE GUARD SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR... DEAD. THERE WAS STILL MUCH TO DO, AND LESS THAN NO TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT. I OPENED THE CHAMBER DOOR...



INSIDE, THE ROOM WAS DARK. I SPRANG AT ONCE TOWARD THE OTHER OCCUPANT. I SAW THE STARTLED LOOK COME OVER HIS FACE AND HIS MOUTH OPEN. BUT NO WORDS CAME!





I GOT HOLD OF THE DEAD GUARDS COAT. IT WAS NOW SUFFICIENT FOR MY PURPOSES...



THEN I MADE MY PLAY...

THE TRIAL WILL STOP! BUT ALL WILL REMAIN IN THE COURTROOM! THE GENERAL WISHES TO HAVE THE PRISONER DELIVERED HERE TO HIS CHAMBER!



WHEN THE GUARDS DELIVERED GRETA BORG, I WAS PREPARED...

YOU WILL LEAVE THE PRISONER HERE AND GO BACK TO YOUR POSTS!



I SAW THE GUARDS RETREAT, AND LED GRETA INTO THE DARK CHAMBER. I COULD FEEL HER TREMBLE UNDER MY TOUCH. THEN...

YOU CAN SEE THERE IS LITTLE TIME, ONE CHANGE OF CLOTHING!...

MY GOD!



I DRESSED AGAIN AS IVAN MOTNOVICH, MVD, LOCKED THE CHAMBER DOOR, LED GRETA DOWN THE STAIRS, DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR...



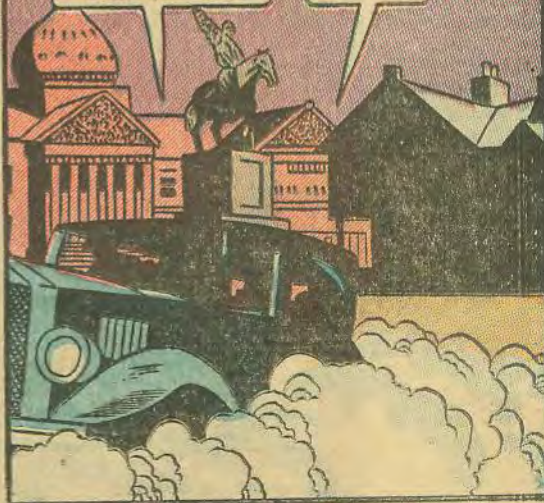
I ORDERED AN OFFICIAL CAR... AND WE WERE OFF.

GRETA... GET READY TO GRAB THE WHEEL!



TAKE THE WHEEL, GRETA, NOW!

I HAVE IT!





WE CROSSED THE SQUARE, HEAD-  
ED DOWN A LONELY STREET...  
PARKED THE CAR... FROM NOW ON,  
I WAS IN GRETA'S HANDS...

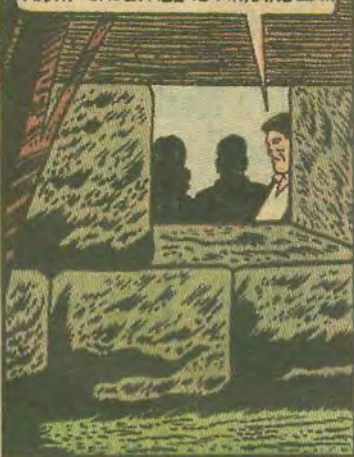
GLAD I DIDN'T  
NEED TO KILL  
HIM, GRETA!

COME... DOWN THIS  
WAY! THERE IS A  
SMALL BASEMENT  
DOOR!

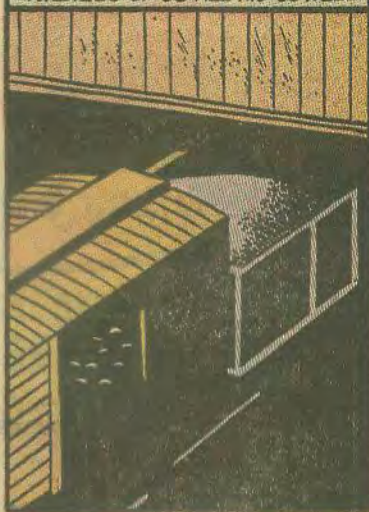


IN A DIM MOSCOW CELLAR ROOM...

HERE ARE YOUR PAPERS, TAKE  
THE WORKER'S TRAIN TO THE  
ARMY BASE. ALL IS ARRANGED...



WE RODE LIKE CATTLE... BUT THE  
SAMENESS OF US ALL HID US WELL.



THE FREEDOM UNDERGROUND HAD PLANTED OUR  
PILOT IN THE SOVIET AIR FORCE TEN YEARS BEFORE...  
WE ZOOMED THROUGH THE SKY AT MAXIMUM ALTITUDE,  
MAXIMUM SPEED, AND CLEARED THE BORDERS... AT  
LAST, AHEAD, THE WEST BERLIN AIRPORT!...



LATER, IN WEST BERLIN ARMY HEADQUARTERS...

WE WILL FLY YOU AND GRETA BORG TO  
WASHINGTON AT ONCE, DUKE. THERE WILL BE  
AN UPROAR. IT IS BEST YOU BOTH ARE  
AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE.

I AGREE  
I DO  
INDEED.



TO LOOK AT HER YOU WOULD NOT REALIZE THAT GRETA  
BORG HAD BEEN THE KEY TO TEN YEARS OF IN-  
TELLIGENCE WORK. HER KEEN PHOTOGRAPHIC  
MEMORY HAD STORED VOLUMES OF REPORTS THAT  
SHE HAD SEEN. NOW WE WOULD KNOW HOW FAR  
THE RED HAD REALLY DEVELOPED NUCLEAR FISSION.

THERE'S ONE MORE THING... SOMETHING THEY  
WON'T REPORT IN THE NEWS...

YES  
DUKE?



TODAY'S PAPERS SAY HE'S IN A COMA. BUT HE'S  
IN NO COMA! AND I CAN BET NEW PLOTS ARE  
RUNNING WILD BEHIND THE KREMLIN WALLS! BIG  
PLOTS TO GRAB POWER! BECAUSE I KNOW  
STALIN'S DEAD THIS MINUTE! NO MATTER  
WHAT THEY SAY, STALIN WAS MY LAST  
KILL IN FREING GRETA!



THE END



# The 97 Pound Weakling

Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

— Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

## Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

## Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 40212, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS  
Holder of Title,  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man."

### CHARLES ATLAS

Dept. 40212, 115 East 23rd Street  
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. .... State.....  
(if any)



# FAT FOLKS! Your Dream Has Come True!

## HOW TO LOSE UGLY FAT Without Dieting-Hunger!

**DOCTORS**  
approve and recommend MELTABS because it contains no drugs. The formula is the discovery of a group of doctors associated with one of New York's leading hospitals.

- NO DIET
- NO EXERCISE
- NO "METHODS"
- NO "PLANS"
- NO DRUGS



Here's news of a sensational discovery by a group of doctors, associated with one of New York's leading hospitals. Thousands say it is the "Miracle Way" to lose weight because there are no do's or don'ts . . . no dieting . . . no exercising . . . no massaging . . . no drugs. You can still enjoy eating until satisfied, yet lose as much weight as you wish.

### Doctors Developed This Formula After More Than 17 Years of Research

The group of doctors who made this sensational discovery, devoted more than 17 years to obesity research work. During all this time they found . . . as most doctors agree . . . that the safest and surest way to lose weight is to eat less. But, to most overweight people this means a constant craving for food. And, it is that "hungry feeling" that usually makes them cheat on their diets at mealtimes, or in between meals, with the result that they lose no weight, or gain back whatever weight they may have lost.

### Doctors Discover How To Stop That "Hungry Feeling"

After more than 17 years of tireless research work, this group of doctors finally discovered a formula that satisfies hunger and stops that "hungry feeling." It comes in the form of a tasty wafer and is called MELTABS. By chewing one (or letting it dissolve in your mouth) before eating, it helps to control overeating and stops that "hungry feeling" in between mealtimes.



### How Meltabs Stops Overeating and Hunger

According to scientific calculations, one Meltab wafer has the hunger satisfying capacity of 1 lb. boiled potatoes, or 5 slices white bread, or 4 eggs—yet it contains only 5 calories.

### Clinical Tests Prove Meltabs Work

Before MELTABS became available to you, it was clinically-tested on a large number of normal, healthy, but overweight men and women. In making these tests, the doctors instructed the group not to go on any special diet . . . not to cut out certain foods . . . but simply take a MELTAB wafer before each meal. They were told to eat until they felt satisfied . . . that's all.

### Clinical Tests Showed Amazing Results

Every member of the group lost from 5 to 20 pounds in a short time. In fact, satisfactory weight losses were seen the very first week. What's more, not one person ever had a single hungry moment, and all said they never felt better. Throughout the clinical tests, the doctors carefully checked the physical condition of each person . . . even to taking electrocardiograms, and found absolutely no ill-effects. All were healthier and happier after losing from 5 to 20 pounds.

### Start Losing Your Excess Weight This Proved Safe Way

Here, at last, is the way to reduce safely . . . without dieting . . . without hunger . . . without giving up the foods you like. Now, more than ever before, doctors and insurance companies are warning against overweight. Make up your



Men: Why not try MELTABS, the natural way to take off excess weight that's neither good for you nor good to look at.

mind right now to lose excess weight and extra inches this "Miracle Way." Order your 30 day supply of MELTABS for only \$3.00 postpaid. MELTABS is backed by a money-back guarantee, so you can lose nothing but weight. If you aren't pleased over the weight you've lost after using one jar, you get your money back. So, clip the coupon and mail it now.

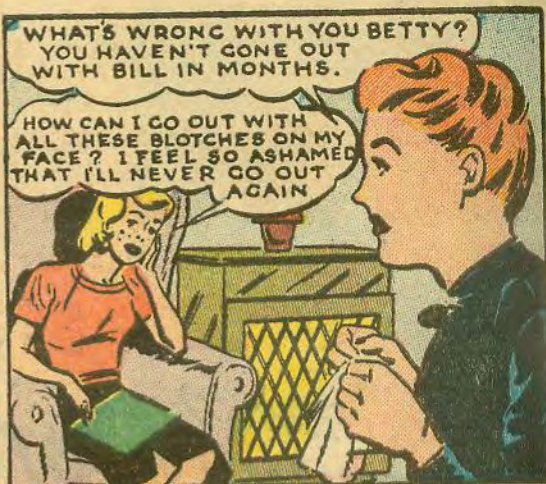
### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

ROBIN PRODUCTS CO., Dept. HYC-1,  
26 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me 30 Day Supply of MELTABS.  
I enclose \$3.00 for postpaid delivery. ☐ Send C.O.D.—  
I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges. ☐

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... STATE.....  
Your money back if you don't LOSE WEIGHT





## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If "MARVEL" SKIN CREME doesn't improve your complexion as it has for others, and if you are not delighted with the results, return the jar to Marvel Drug Co., Box 302A, Toronto, Ontario, and your money will be refunded at once.



SIMPLE DIRECTIONS!  
AMAZING RESULTS!

## AVOID FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT!

"MARVEL" SKIN CREME will help rid your complexion of PIMPLES, FRECKLES and other blemishes that spoil you from having normal, delightful skin.

FOR QUICK RESULTS MAIL COUPON TO-DAY!

MARVEL DRUG COMPANY  
ROOM 2106  
500 5th AVE  
NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 (cash, money order, or postal note). Send me at once your famous "MARVEL" SKIN CREME, post paid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Province .....



FOR SOME, THE SEA IS A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD AND A WAY OF LIFE. JANSEN AND THORNBERG WERE FRIENDLY COMPETITORS, BUT WHEN THEY MET NAN, THEY LOST THEIR SENSE OF REASONING. THAT WASN'T ALL THEY LOST IN THOSE..

# BLOODY SEAS



THE WHOLE THING CAME TO A HEAD THE TIME THORNBERG BROKE UP THE MEETING BETWEEN JANSEN AND NAN FLANDERS. FOR A WHILE IT LOOKED LIKE MURDER..

WAIT... WAIT DARLINGS, BOTH OF YOU! PLEASE, FOR MY SAKE!



HOW CAN I CHOOSE ONE OF YOU WITHOUT HURTING THE OTHER? BUT THERE MUST BE A WAY! YES... THERE IS! I WILL MARRY THE ONE WHO BRINGS IN THE MOST WHALE TONNAGE IN A MONTH!



FOR A MOMENT NAN'S WORDS BROUGHT ONLY A PUZZLING SILENCE. THEN...

HA-HA-HA! A GOOD DEAL! GET READY TO MARRY JAN JANSEN, NAN, A MONTH FROM TODAY!

BUNK! IT'LL BE ME, NILS THORNBERG, NAN! MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT!





THE SKY WAS WET AND GRAY ON THAT FIRST MORNING AFTER THE PACT WAS MADE. TWO OTHER CHASERS BESIDE JANSEN'S AND THORNBERG'S BOATS HAD LEFT THE SHORE STATION BEFORE DAWN AND NOW FLOWED THE MURKY SEAS...



WE **ALWAYS** SHARED THINGS. EVERYTHING. WHY DOES HE GET SORE NOW? I HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO NAN AS NILS!

BUT IF HE WANTS IT THAT WAY, THAT'S HOW IT'LL BE!



JANSEN AND THORNBERG HAD SHARED THE PACIFIC WAR. SHARED THEIR FOOD, THEIR DANGER, THEIR LIVES. WHEN IT WAS OVER THEY HAD STAYED ON... IN JAPAN... WITH THE AMERICAN-ORIENTAL WHALING COMPANY...

THORNBERG WAS AN EXPERT HARPOON-GUNNER AND HE TAUGHT JANSEN TO BE ONE...

I DRINK TO YOU, JAN. YOU BROUGHT IN MORE THAN I DID THIS MONTH!

IT WAS JUST SUCH AN OCCASION... LATER... WHEN NAN FLANDER CAME INTO THEIR LIVES...

YOU STAY HERE, JAN.

JANSEN HESITATED, THEN, GLASS IN HAND, HE FOLLOWED THORNBERG TO THE TABLE. THEY HAD COME TO THE PACIFIC IN 1942. THIS WAS 1949... SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT SPEAKING TO AN AMERICAN WOMAN! THEN...

I SAID TO STAY THERE, JAN!

YOU... REALLY MEANT IT, EH, NILS?



JANSEN HAD LEARNED FAST. THERE GREW UP A FRIENDLY RIVALRY...



AFTER THAT JANSEN WAS CAUTIOUS. HE STAYED ASHORE SOME OF THE TIMES THORNBERG WENT OUT. HE SOUGHT OUT NAN... AND FOUND HER LIPS WERE SWEET... AND HE WAS HUNGRY FOR THEM...



THEN ONE DAY...

**NILS!**

YOU CROOK! YOU ROTTEN, YELLOW RIVER RAT! JAN I'M GONNA KILL YOU...





THREE WEEKS PASSED AND NEITHER RIVAL COULD GAIN A MARGIN OF TONNAGE OVER THE OTHER. NERVES GREW TAUT AS THE DAY OF RECKONING DREW NEAR. THEN ON THE LAST DAY...

THERE SHE BLOWS!

**FULL SPEED AHEAD! ALL HANDS AT STATIONS!** CONFOUND IT, THAT'S THORNBERG COMING IN, TOO!



IT WAS A HUGE FINBACK. JANSEN BROKE EVERY RULE TO GET THE ANIMAL FULL SPEED WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE CUT HIS SPEED. FIRING BEFORE HIS AIM WAS PERFECTED... NEVERTHELESS...

**GOT HIM! AND BEFORE THORNBERG!** WHAT A CATCH!



THE HARPOON SANK DEEP INTO THE WHALE'S BACK, BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE BOMB IN THE HARPOON END. IT SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF, KILLING THE PREY, BUT IT FAILED TO DO SO AND...

WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TROUBLE!!

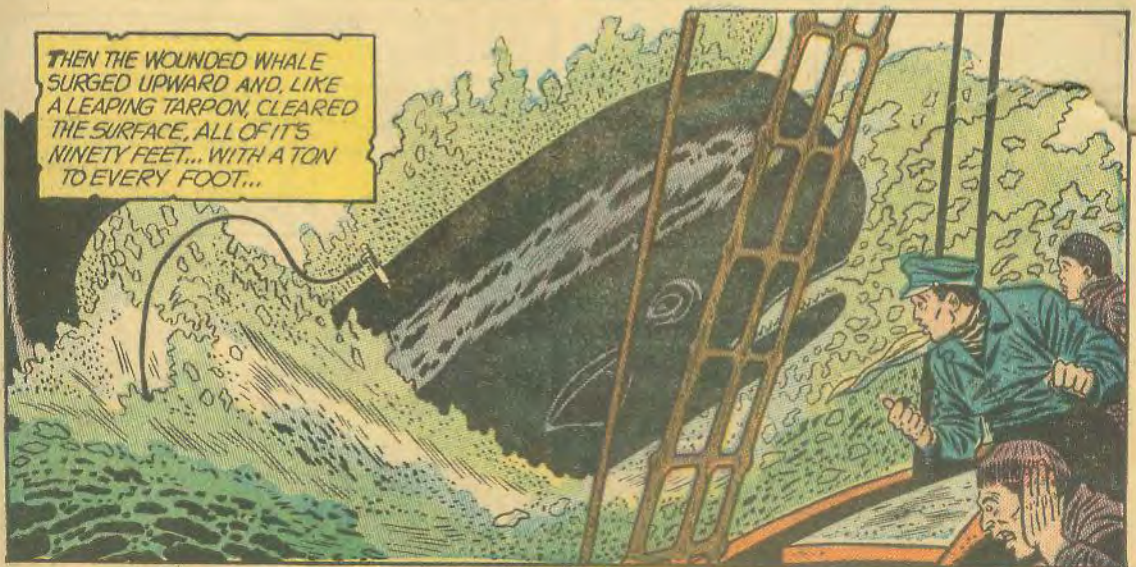


THE WHALE SOUNDED... DOWN AND DOWN... A HALF MILE... THREE QUARTERS... ONE MILE...

HE CAN PULL US UNDER IF THE ROPE GIVES OUT!



THEN THE WOUNDED WHALE SURGED UPWARD AND, LIKE A LEAPING TARPON, CLEARED THE SURFACE, ALL OF ITS NINETY FEET... WITH A TON TO EVERY FOOT...





THE WHALE WAS SPENT AFTER THAT AND LAY SPOUTING, BUT JANSEN'S KEEN EYE NOTED THE HARPOON WAS WORKING LOOSE. MOREOVER THORNBERG'S CRAFT WAS GETTING NEAR. IF JANSEN LOST THE WHALE, IT MIGHT BE FAIR GAME FOR HIS COMPETITOR...

**LOWER THE PRAM!**



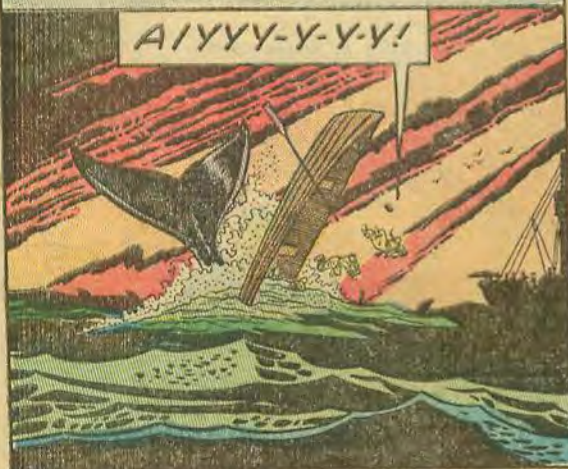
TO START THE MOTORS WOULD HAVE SENT THE BIG WHALE FREE. THERE WAS ONE CHANCE. JANSEN WAS GOING TO TRY TO STRIKE A VITAL SPOT BY HAND. HE SCARCELY NOTICED THE UGLY KILLERS THAT SURROUNDED THE PRAM IN WHICH HE RODE...

**EASY, NOW! EASY!**



JANSEN HAD STRUCK DEEPLY INTO THE LUNGS, WHEN THE WHALE, IN A FINAL LURCH RAISED ITS FLUKES...

**AIYYY-Y-Y-Y!**



**HELP!  
HELP!!**

**USE A STICK! POKE 'EM!  
JAB 'EM! THEY'VE TASTED  
BLOOD FROM THE WHALE!  
THEY'LL BITE ANYTHING!!**



**NILS! THANK GOD YOU'VE  
COME! HURRY! LOWER A  
PRAM! THROW US A  
LINE!**



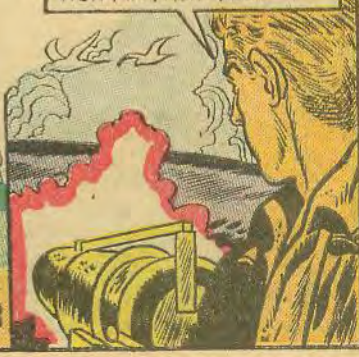
**I'LL MAKE A  
DEAL, JAN.  
THE WHALE  
IS MINE!**



**YES, YES!  
ONLY HURRY!  
THESE SHARKS  
ARE HUNGRY!!**

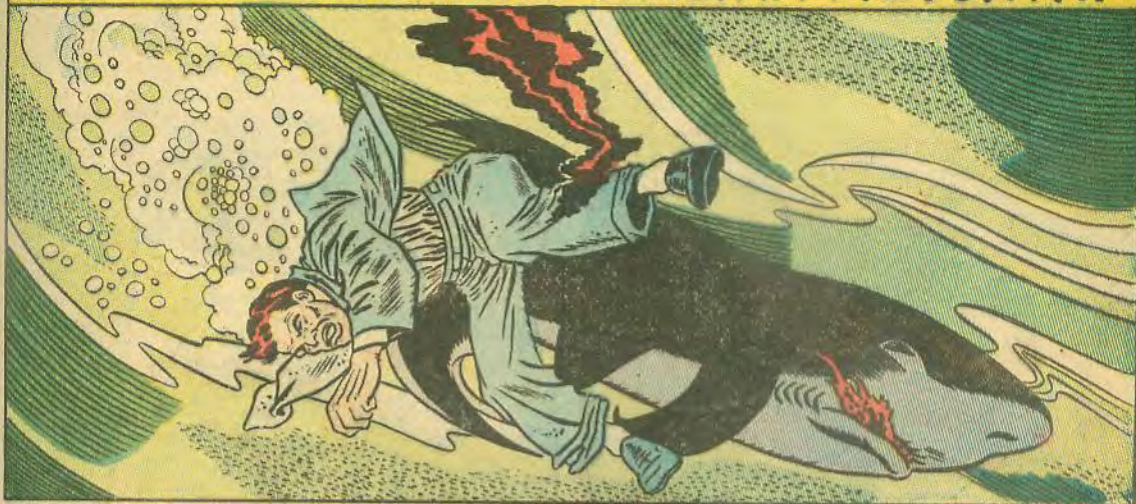
**THORNBERG CALMLY AIMED  
HIS HARPOON GUN AT THE --  
ALMOST DEAD ANIMAL  
AND FIRED...**

**THIS MAKES IT OFFICIAL!  
YOU CAN'T TRUST A GUY  
WHO WILL STEAL YOUR  
WOMAN FROM YOU!!**





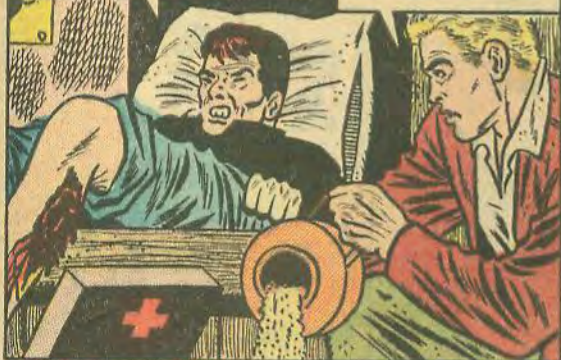
**NILS! NILS! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! AIYYEOWW!!**



JANSEN PASSED OUT AND WHEN HE CAME TO HE WAS ON THORNBERG'S BOAT, AND NILS WAS BESIDE HIM...

YOU DIRTY KILLER!  
YOU LET THAT SHARK GET  
ME ON PURPOSE! I'M  
GONNA GET YOU THROWN  
OUT!

EASY, JAN. I FIGURED  
YOU COULD TAKE CARE  
OF YOURSELF. SORRY,  
GONNA HAVE YOU FIX-  
ED UP FINE THOUGH!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
WITH THAT BLOWTORCH?  
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA  
DO WITH IT? .....

DO? WHY CAUTERIZE  
THAT WOUND, JAN!  
YOU DON'T WANT TO  
LOSE A LEG, DO YOU?



AS THORNBERG MOVED NEAR JANSEN'S COT, JANSEN LURCHED UP, GRABBING THORNBERG BY THE HAIR...

NOW **SCREAM**, YOU DIRTY  
BLOODY, MERCILESS KILLER!  
**SCREAM!!**

**NO! JAN!**  
**JAN! MY G..**



**YIIIIII... LET ME OUT!!!**  
**LET ME GO!!!**





THE TORCH FELL UPON THE JUG OF GASOLINE WITH WHICH THORNBERG HAD FILLED THE TORCH AND...

**HELP! FIRE!!**



THE CREW PUT OUT THE FLAMES, AND SPED FOR THE SHORE STATION. NEITHER THORNBERG NOR JANSEN KNEW ANYTHING BY THEN. THEY AWOKE LATER... DAYS LATER... ON SHORE, IN TOO GREAT PAIN TO KNOW THAT CRIMINAL CHARGES HAD BEEN LODGED AGAINST THEM...



THEY DID NOT KNOW THEY HAD BEEN TAKEN TO AN ARMY HOSPITAL ON THE MAINLAND. SLOWLY JANSEN'S SENSES CLEARED. HE COULD LOOK ACROSS THE AISLE AND SEE THORNBERG WRITHING IN AGONY. WHEN THE DOCTOR CAME...

DOC, YOU GOTTA GET WORD TO A GIRL... NAMED NAN FLANDERS...

SAME NAME THORNBERG WAS SHRIEKING IN DELIRIUM.



IF THAT'S THE ONE YOU TWO WERE BATTLING OVER, YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING UP A BLIND ALLEY. WE TRIED TO GET WORD TO HER ABOUT THORNBERG. SHE WENT OFF WITH THE CAPTAIN OF A TRADING VESSEL THREE WEEKS AGO!



WHY THAT... I'LL KILL HER! I'LL KILL HER!

YOU AND THORNBERG HAVE DONE QUITE ENOUGH ALREADY. WHEN YOU GET OUT OF HERE YOU'LL BE FACING A TRIAL. IT'S ONLY LUCKY THE REST OF YOUR CREWS WEREN'T BURNED TO DEATH OR EATEN BY SHARKS!



JANSEN WATCHED THE DOCTOR LEAVE. THE WHOLE TRAGEDY OF THE THING DAWNED SLOWLY UPON HIM.

**ALL THAT... FOR A DAME...**



YES, FOR A DAME EACH HAD RUINED THE OTHER. JANSEN FOREVER A CRIPPLE WITHOUT A LEG... THORNBERG A TWISTED HIDEOUS THING... AND IF THEY LIVED, CRIMINALS TO BOOT. SUDDENLY THE GRIM HUMOR OF IT STRUCK JANSEN... HE TIPPED BACK HIS HEAD...

**HA-HA... HA HA HA... HA HA HA! HOW MUCH TONNAGE, NILS? HA HA HA HA HA!... HA...**



THE END





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In 1925, a wealthy Englishman bought Lundy Island, off the coast of Britain, inhabited mostly by Puffin Birds. He set himself up as King and issued money and stamps in Puffins and Half-Puffins. For this, he was hauled into court in 1931, fined, and his kingdom abolished. But some of his stamps still exist. This unusual set of six different Puffinland stamps is a real bargain at only **50c**



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**YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY DELIGHTED!**



# WE TOO THOUGHT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE

## BUT

THANKS TO THE

BRANDENFELS  
HOME SYSTEM

## Our Hair Grew Again!

1



BRANDENFELS  
HOME SYSTEM

2



3



4



DON NAGLE  
Seattle, Washington



ELDON BEERBOWER  
Portland, Oregon



FRANCES HARRIS  
Seattle, Washington



AL LIEFSON  
Tacoma, Washington

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- 3** FRANCES HARRIS, overseas radio/telephone operator, proves her hair roots were alive and REGREW HAIR! Women, too, use Brandenfels' system successfully.
- 4** AL LIEFSON, grocery store owner, holding "before" picture. "My wife says I look years younger since my hair grew again."

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(D)

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PICTURES (a) & (b) SHOW PROCEDURE USED IN THE WORLD'S FIRST RESEARCH PROJECT BENEATH THE SCALP!

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